

# *"The Voice of Spring."*

Written by

**M<sup>RS</sup> F. HENCOCKS,**

THE THEME

EXTRACTED FROM THE RONDO  
OF

STEIBELT'S STORM CONCERTO;

with Symphonics

AND

Accompaniments.

*Arranged, Adapted & Inscribed*

TO

**MISS EMILY WARREN**

**of Boston,**

BY

**MISS AUGUSTA BROWNE,**

*Professor of the Lullerian System of Music*

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## THE VOICE OF SPRING.

## PASTORALE.

*Allegro* *Scherzando.*  
*Moderato.*

*Con espressione.*  
*Sostenuto.*

I come, I come ye have call'd me long. I come o'er the mountain with

light and song, Ye may trace my steps o'er the wakening earth, By the

*Affettuoso.*

winds which tell of the vio- let's birth. By the primrose star in the

*pp*

*espressivo.*

shadowy grass, By the green leaves open- ing as I pass, By the

primrose star in the shadowy grass, By the green leaves open- ing

as I pass. *8va*

*Gratioso.*

*Sostenuto.*

I have breath'd on the south and the chesnut flowers *8va*

*ff*

By thousands have burst from thier forest bowers

Succato.

Presto.

And the

dolce.

ancient graves, and the fal-len fane, Are veild with wreaths on I -

ta - lian plains, But it is not for me in my hour of bloom, To

5

speak of ru in or the tomb. *Allegro. Polacca.*



I have look'd o'er the hills of the stormy north,  
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,

The Fisher is out on the sunny sea,  
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,

And the pine has a fringe of softer green  
And the moss looks bright where my foot has been,  
I have sent through the wood paths a glowing sigh,  
And call'd out each voice of the deep blue sky;  
From the night birds lay, through the starry time

In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,  
To the swan's wild note, by the Iceland lakes,

When the dark fir branch into verdure breaks.

3

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,  
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,  
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,  
They are flinging spray o'er the forest haughs,  
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,  
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves;  
The summer is coming on soft winds borne,  
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn!  
For me, I depart to a brighter shore,  
Ye are mark'd by care, ye are mine no more,  
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,  
And the flower's are not Death's fare ye well, farewell!